

that Crazy Snake and Big Thunder were enemies. Each had his following, and the friends of each took a delight in parading as the adherents of either Crazy Snake or Big Thunder. Things, therefore grew worse in the Indian village and Big Pine saw with dismay how his people became hopelessly divided and that on account of Big Thunder and Crazy Snake numerous family feuds existed. One bright autumnal day Big Pine sat in front of his wigwam and heard how even the children had become angry partisans. This was more than the fatherly heart of the big chief could stand. He convoked a council that very evening. The council wigwam scarcely held the warriors, so many attended. Big Pine let the red men know why he had called them. He quelled all disturbances by simply stating that the young men would either have to be friends again or leave the tribe. At this Crazy Snake and Big Thunder answered that they would never again smoke the pipe of peace with each other and the tribe. "Wait a moment," spoke Big Pine and he strode from the wigwam. A few minutes afterwards he returned. He had in his hands the richly decorated box that contained the present of General Grant, the silvermounted pistols Big Pine had brought back from Washington.

"Warriors," said Big Pine and his brow was furrowed and his cheeks were ashen, "I see that you will not listen to my voice, then let the voices of General Grant's pistols speak. They have been given to me as a token of friendship, as a memento of peace-making. They shall be the means of bringing peace, to every people in this turbulent strife. These two young men have been the disturbers of peace, they each maintain that they are right. The village is divided, They will not put before their father and chief their grievances. Let them decide for themselves. It will not do to set them at each other with knife and tomahawk; one is strong and the other weak. Let them try the way of the palefaces. Let them fight a duel. Let them use General Grant's pistols. They have never